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THE CHARACTER OF A Town Misse,

LONDON,
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THE CHARACTER OF A Town-Miss.

A Miss is a new Name, which the *Civility* of this Age bestows on *one*, that our *unmannerly* Ancestors call'd, *Whore* and *Strumpet*. A certain *Help meet* for a Gentleman, instead of a Wife; Serving either for prevention of the Sin of *Marrying*, or else as a little Side *Pillow*, to render the Yoke of *Matrimony* more easie. She is an excellent *Conveniency* for those that have more *money* than *Wit*, to spend their *Estates* upon, and the most that can be said in her *Commendation*, Is that she will infallibly bring a Man to *Repentance*. Yet you may call her an *honest Courtezan*, or at least a *Common Inclos'd*; for though she is an *Out-lier*, yet she seems to be confined within the *Pale*, and differs from your ordinary *Prostitute*, as *Wholesale* men from *Retailers*, one perhaps has an *hundred* Customers, and to'ther but *Two* or *Three*, and yet *this* gets most by her Trade. Indeed she may well *thrive*, seeing she always carries her *Stock* about her, and every man is desirous to deal in her Comodity: For she is a Gallants *Business*,

a Citizens *Recreation*, a Lawyers *Eſtate in Fee-tail*; a Young Doctors *Neceſſary Experiment*, and a Parſons *comfortable Importance*.

The Royal Preacher calls her a *Strange* Woman, but we uſually term her a *Common* Woman, and have reaſon ſo to do; for ſins that were *ſtrange* in *Solomons* days, are *common* in ours. She is a Caterpillar that deſtroys many a hopeful Young Gentleman in the Bloſſom, a *Land-Syren*, far more dangerous than they in the Sea: For he that falls into her hands, runs a *three-fold* hazard of Shipwracking *Soul*, *Body*, and *Eſtate*.

She talks high of her *Family*, and tells a large ſtory how they were Ruined by the late *Wars*. But the true Hiſtory of her Life, is generally to this Effect: She is only the *Cub* of a *Bumkin*, lickt into a Genteel form by *Town Converſation*: Nature gave her a good *Face* and an indifferent ſtock of *Confidence*, which ſhe by prudent management, has improved into *Impudence*; like a forward *Roſe Bud* ſhe opened betimes, and loſt that trifle they call a *Maiden-head* ſo early, that ſhe cannot remember ſhe ever had *any* ſuch thing. She was ſcarce *Thirteen* when her Fathers *Plow man*, and the *Squire* their Landlord (the veryer *Clown* of the *Two*) were Joint Tenants to her *Coppy-hold*, but proving with Child ſhe had the wit to lay it to the *Laſt*, who for his Credit diſpatcht her Incognito with a Sum of Money on a Carriers Back, to be disburthen'd at *London*, the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England* to ſhelter a great *Belly*: There the *Bantling* was expoſed to the Tuition of the *Pariſh* in a *Hand-baſket*, and the Charitable *Midwife* (who counts *procuring* in a civil way, a neceſſary part of her Office) ſoon brought her acquainted with a *Third Rate Gentlewoman*, who took her a Lodging in a Garret, and allow'd her *ſix ſhillings* a Week. But making a Sally abroad one Night, ſhe pickt up a *Drunken Cully*, and at a Tavern (whilſt he was no leſs *pleaſantly* imployed) pickt his pocket of a *Gold Watch*, and ſome ſtragling *Guinnies*, and left him to Pawn his *Sword* and *Perriwig* for the Reckoning. After this lucky Adventure,

ture, she discards *Monsieur Shabby* (her former Customer) and her *Lost* Lodging, puts her self in a good *Garb*, gets a *Maid* (forgive me, for I Lye, I mean a *Shee-servant*) whom she teaches to call her *Madam*, and *your Honour*, and hires Noble Rooms richly Furnished, about *Covent-Garden*, there she takes *State* upon her, and *practises* every day four hours in the *Glass*, how *Greatness* will become her. Her first *business* is to make her self be taken *notice* of, to which purpose like *Dinah*, she walks the Streets; sometimes like *Jael*, she stands at the Door; and sometimes like *Jezabel*, she looks out at the Window: But her main *Market-place* is the *Balcony*, which she frequents as constantly as any Lady in a *Romance*; and the Lauguage of her Eyes is, *What do you lack Sir*, By which she at last attracts a Wealthy *Gallant*, who with a little *Address*, obtains the mighty Honour of her *Acquaintance*; but she seems extream nice, reserv'd and modest, protests she would not go to a *Tavern* for a VVorld, when the whole business is, she is only afraid of being *Pawn'd* there. In brief, she *Manages* him so discreetly, that she *Cheats* him into Love *Insensibly*, like a *Taylors Bill*, wherein a man sees himself *Rookt* abominably, yet knows not *where* to find fault. Having thus got the *Wood-cock* into the Pit-fall, she resolves to *Pluck* him: VVhen he importunes her for the *Great kindness*, she talks of *Honour* and *Conscience*, and vows she will never *stain* her Reputation but for *valuable Considerations*, this brings them to *Articles*, he promises to allow her a *hundred and fifty pounds* a Year, and she Swears a *Thousand* dissembling Oaths, how infinitely she loves him, and that she will prove *constant*, and true to him alone, and never be *concern'd* with any other man in the VVorld; and the silly Fop is so fatally bewitcht as to *believe* her; And continues a long time in that fools Paradice of *Dotage*, whilst in the mean time she drives a *Trade* privately, with two or three more. For the *Concealing* of which from the first, tis the whole Imploy of the little *Harlotry* her Chamber-Maid, to study Lyes, Pretences, and *Excuses*, and she makes them

them *pay* her even to *Extortion*; to quicken her *Invention*, Sometimes she is gone abroad in her *Aunts Coach*; Sometimes one of her Cozens, a *Wollen Drapers* VVife in the City is Sick, and she must *Visit* her. Nor is *Madam* her self less full of Plot and *Intrigue* to *Bubble* her *Gallant*: Sometimes having *pleased* him well, she begs the best *Ring* he has on his finger, or pretends her self in *Debt*, and that unless he will suffer her to be Scandalized with an *Arrest*, he must be *Bound* for her (to one of her *Confederates* you may be sure) for *Fifty* pound, and the *everlasting* Changling, cannot find in his heart to deny her: At other times she shall purposely give him occasion to be *Jealous*, and when he has *rav'd*, and *Swore*, and *Curs'd*, and *Ranted* for two hours, as if he had been *possest* with a hundred and fifty Devils, she shall *cleaverly* wipe of the Suspition, upbraid his Jealous *Coxcomb-ship*; fall a *Snivling*, and call her self the most *unfortunate* of VVomen, to love a man with so much *passion*, that thus *abuses* her: Then he *submits*, begs her Pardon on his Knees, and *Cokses* her with all imaginable kindness, but still she *pouts*, looks *Sullen*, and will not let him have a bit of *that same*, till he has given her a *New Gown*, or a *Neck-Lace* of *Pearl*, for Atonement, and Reconciliation.

But in time his Appetite being *Cloy'd*, his Purse *exhausted*, or his Eyes *enlightned*, he begins to withdraw, and she soon finds out another, a *verrier Fool* than he, but for Security will not Trade, unless he *settle* an *Annuity* of 300*l.* a Year on her for *Life*; which being firmly done by an able *Conveyancer* in *Sheep-skins*, half as *large* as the *Premisses*: VVithin *one* Month she *abandons* him for a more *Noble* and *Generous Gallant*. And now being arrived at the *Zenith* of her *Glory*, she has her Boys in *Livery*, her *House* splendidly furnisht, and scorns to stir abroad without a *Coach and six*: She glitters in the *Boxes* at the *Play-house*, and draws all Eyes after her in the Street, to the shame and Confusion of all *honest* VVomen, and Encouragement

of

of each *pretty Girle* that loves *fine* Cloaths, good *Cheare*, and *Idleneſs*, to turn *Harlot*, in Imitation of ſuch a *thriving Example*.

She takes upon her more *Priae*, than would have ſerv'd ſix of Queen *Elizabeths* Counteſſes; uſes *Sirrah* at every word, and to a Lady of the beſt Quality, [illegible] Old enough to be her Mother: Nothing but —— *I tell you ſweet-heart!* She diſpiſes her Sifter, for looſing her Reputation, by being kept by a meaner Gallant than her own; and gets one to attempt to Steal her, that ſhe may be thought an extraordinay Fortune.

She hath always two neceſſary Implements about her, a *Blackmoor*, and a little *Dog*; for without theſe, ſhe would be neither *Fair* nor *Sweet*: The reſt of her Retinue conſiſts of her *She-Secretary*, that keeps the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, and her Painting. An *Old Trot*, that underſtands the Town, and goes between *Party* and *Party*, and a *French Merchant* to ſupply her with *Dildo's*, or in default of thoſe ſhe makes her Gallants Purſe maintain two able *Stallions* (that ſhe loves better than him) for performance of points wherein he is *Defective*. Her Skin is much Clearer than her *Conſcience*, which makes her go with her *Neck* and ſhoulders all *Bare*; and ſhe has reaſon, for her upper parts are the *ſhop* of *Cupid*, and thoſe below his *Ware-houſe*: But all that you are like to buy there, is *Damnation*, and *Diſeaſes*. She is a very *Butcher*, that expoſes her own Fleſh to Sale by the *Stone*, or if you pleaſe a *Cook* that is Dreſſing her ſelf all day with *poinant Sances*, to be taſted with the better Appetite at Night. Like a Diſabled *Frigot*, that has received many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*. She is forc'd once a year to put in at *Tunbridge*, or *Epſom*, to *Waſh* and *Tallow*, and *Reſit* her *Leaky* Bottom, after which ſhe *Cruiſes* up and down the Town as briskly as ever; till *Age* ſpoil her Sayling, and ingraves *Wrinckles*, where

where she once Painted *Roses*: Then her former *Adorers* dispise her, the World *hates* her, and she becomes a *Loathsome* thing, too unclean to enter into *Heaven*; too *Diseased* to continue long upon Earth; and too foul to be *touch't* with any thing but a *Pen* or a Pair of *Tongs*: And therefore tis time to *Leave* her; ——For, *Foh how she stinks*.

FINIS.